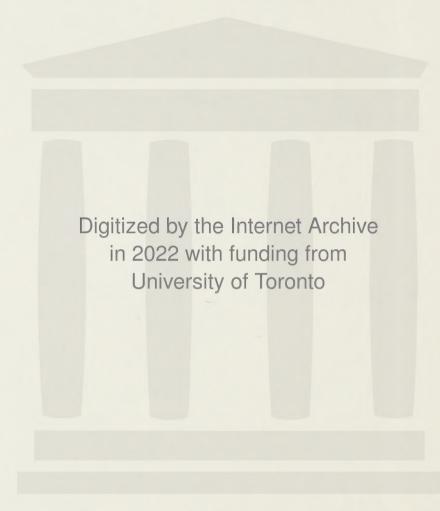
M 2013 B8 op. 45 W4 c. 3

MUSI



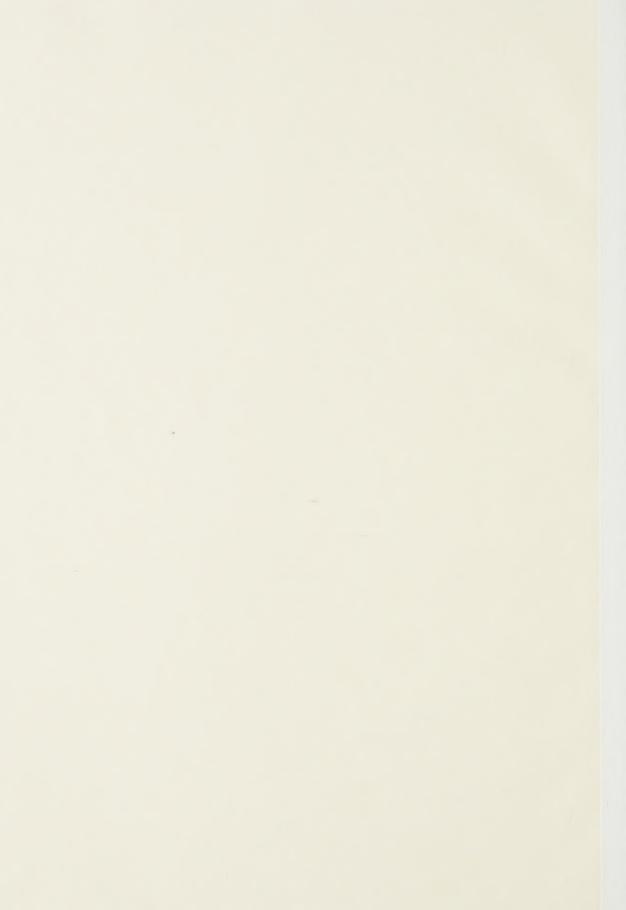














# REQUIEM

FOR

SOPRANO AND BARITONE SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

COMPOSED BY

## JOHANNES BRAHMS

(Op. 45).

EDITED BY JOHN E. WEST.

THE ADAPTATION BY W. G. ROTHERY.

PRICE Two SHILLINGS. CLOTH BOARDS, 3s.

London: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Copyright, 1910, by Novello and Company, Limited.

MADE IN ENGLAND

M 2013 B8, 45 W4 cop. 3



## PREFACE.

Braims's 'German Requiem' (Op. 45) is held by some to have been written in memory of Schumann, by others in memory of the composer's mother. There is no need to decide for either theory to the total exclusion of the other, for men's minds may work to the one end under as many stimuli in art as they do in life. Max Kalbeck informs us that the chorus 'All flesh doth perish as the grass' was originally planned as the second movement (a slow, saraband-like scherzo) of an early sonata for two pianofortes, which was afterwards re-cast as the D minor Pianoforte Concerto. Kalbeck holds that this concerto (Op. 15) was intended to be a memorial to Schumann, whose madness and tragic death had so deeply affected the youthful Brahms; but that not being satisfied with it, he 'erected two other monuments to the memory of Schumann, more noble in feeling and more perfect in their art,' in the C minor Symphony and the 'German Requiem.' This view of the case may well be right; we know that the thoughtful young Brahms was so obsessed by the terrible fate of his friend and mentor that when he heard Beethoven's ninth Symphony for the first time, in 1856, the first movement of it seemed to speak to him directly of the Schumann tragedy. On the other hand, Madame Schumann thought that the Requiem was written in memory of Brahms's mother, although Brahms had never expressly said so; and this was the view taken by the composer's life-long friend, Joachim, at a memorial festival at Meiningen, in 1899. The mother had died in 1865. The Requiem seems to have been begun in 1866, and to have been finished—all but the fifth number, which was an afterthought—in 1867. No. 5—the aria 'Ye who now sorrow'—was written at Bonn in May, 1868, and we have Brahms's own testimony that this movement at any rate was prompted by the memory of his mother.

The first three movements of the work were given in Vienna on December 1, 1867, under Herbeck. It had a mixed reception. The first two movements received some applause, but the third was greeted with many expressions of disapproval; the continual pedal point—intensified, it is said, by the too vigorous work of the drummer—had a disagreeable effect on the audience. On Good Friday (April 10, 1868), the whole of the Requiem (except No. 5) was given in the cathedral at Bremen, under Reinthaler, the baritone solos being sung by Otto Schelper (not Stockhausen, as is commonly stated); it was repeated on the 27th of the same month—not in the cathedral this time, but at the 'Union.' In the following weeks the soprano aria was added, and the complete Requiem was given at the Leipsic Gewandhaus on February 18, 1869, under Reinecke. Numerous performances followed quickly in other German towns. It was given in English at a private meeting in Sir Henry Thompson's house in London on July 7, 1871, the orchestral part being played as a pianoforte duet by Lady Thompson and Cipriani Potter. The Requiem was also produced about this time at a students' concert of the Royal Academy of Music; but the first public performance of which we have any record is that at a Philharmonic Society's concert in St. James's Hall on April 2, 1873, under Mr. Cusins, the solos being taken by Miss Sophie Ferrari and Mr. Santley.

The 'German Requiem,' as will be seen at once, has nothing in common with the ordinary Requiem Mass; verbal purists have even disputed its claim to be called a Requiem at all, since it offers up no prayer for the dead. The text is freely selected from the Bible

and the Apocrypha; the several sources of it may be indicated here:

1st Movement: Matthew v., 4; Psalm cxxvi., 5, 6.
2nd Movement: I. Peter i., 24, 25; James v., 7; Isaiah xxxv., 10.
3rd Movement: Psalm xxxix., 4-8; Wisdom iii., 1.
4th Movement: Psalm lxxxiv., 1, 2, 4.
5th Movement: John xvi., 22; Ecclesiasticus li., 27; Isaiah lxvi., 13.

6th Movement: Hebrews xiii., 14; I. Corinthians xv., 51-55; Revelation iv., 11.

7th Movement: Revelation xiv., 13.

That Brahms was both an earnest thinker and an assiduous student of the Bible is evident, though it would not be wise to try to fix the exact measure of his orthodoxy. We are told by Kalbeck that 'nothing made him angrier than to be taken for an orthodox church composer on account of his sacred compositions.' Probably he was always more philosopher than theologian. When sending Herzogenberg the 'Vier Ernste Gesänge' (Op. 121) in June, 1896, he jokingly anticipated censure for his 'unchristian principles,' the texts, as

lV PREFACE.

Kalbeck says, being in part 'not only anti-dogmatic but irreligious' (ungläubig). Brahms's freedom from purely theological prepossessions may be seen in his correspondence with Reinthaler over the Requiem. Reinthaler, who was the organist at Bremen Cathedral, urged him to make the work more definitely orthodox. 'It occupies,' he says in a letter of October 5, 1867, 'not only religious but purely Christian ground. The second number deals with the prediction of the return of the Lord, and in the last number but one there is express reference to the mystery of the resurrection of the dead, "We shall not all sleep." For the Christian mind, however, there is lacking the point on which everything turns, namely the redeeming death of Jesus. Perhaps the passage "Death, where is thy sting" would be the best point at which to introduce this idea, either briefly in the movement itself, before the fugue, or in a new movement. Moreover you say in the last movement "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth," that is to say, after Christ has finished the work of redemption.' Brahms's reply is that he is writing for humanity as a whole, and has deliberately passed over verses like that of John iii., 16, while he has selected others 'because I am a musician, because I needed them, because I cannot dispute the "from henceforth" of my revered poets, or strike it out,' which, reading between the lines, seems to mean simply that the Requiem is intended to be a human document rather than a theological argument. The text voices the perennial fluctuations of the human spirit between fear and hope, and its longing for consolation. The work has been accused of lack of unity, and in one sense, perhaps, rightly. Dramatic or fictive unity—which is the kind the critics of the Requiem have in view—is not easily attained in composite works of this kind; it might be possible to rearrange the grouping of one or two of the numbers without doing serious damage to the work. Nor is the ending above criticism. The chorus 'Lord, Thou art worthy of praise and glory,' is so powerful that one at first feels the real climax to have come here, and that the final chorus has only been added because of the impossibility of ending a Requiem in a mood of jubilation. But the point is hardly worth worrying over; and certainly not only does the work end poetically in the only way we could possibly feel to be the right one, but it is exquisitely and touchingly rounded off by a return to the thematic material of the opening

chorus. Musically, at any rate, the unity of the Requiem is beyond dispute. Brahms was one of the select few whom we feel to be thinkers in music; his whole work embodies a philosophy of life none the less definite for not being expressed, or perhaps expressible, in words. And the philosophy is fundamentally that of his great forerunner, Bach. Like Bach, he is almost perpetually obsessed by the idea of death—much of the finest music of each of them is evoked by this theme; but, again like Bach, he faces the great problem bravely, and emerges from the contest with it all the stronger in himself, and with a message of divine consolation for us. He is of the chosen ones whose philosophy holds good for all time because it sublimates the deepest experiences of the race. His gloom is an intellectual and spiritual thing, not a fever of the nerves. Tchaikovsky and Chopin—to take these two examples alone—have sung their griefs in exquisite strains; but who does not feel that the sorrow is too personal to be universal, too purely physical in its origin to be a sane reading of the whole of existence? We feel at times that a robuster frame, a happier life, or even a dose of phenacetin would have cured it all. For the heart-ache of men like Bach and Brahms there is no cure. Theirs is a cosmic grief, the grief not of a sick mind, but of one fundamentally strong and healthy. And being woven not out of the nerves but out of the firmer tissues of the spirit, it always carries its own healing with it. In all Brahms's philosophical work the bitterness is finally bracing or consoling, not corroding or shattering; always the stream of pure water wells up somewhere through the brine; never does he let us see his face tear-stained at the last, as Tchaikovsky and Chopin so often do. In the 'Alto Rhapsody' and the 'Vier Ernste Gesänge' the final note, for all the despair and gloom that have gone before, is one of exquisite consolation; in the 'Song of Destiny' he even alters fundamentally the conception of the poet, laying a kind of balm upon the spirit that has been tempted to such passionate revolt against the tangled scheme of things. And in the Requiem the consolation always comes hard upon the heels of the despair. And such consolation! a giant's tenderness, all the more touching because of the strength we know to be behind it, a caress from a great hand that could crush us if it would. Perhaps there are no passages in the whole work more wonderful than these. It is not the mere poetic scheme of contrasted black and white, shadow and sunlight, that is so impressive; any poetaster could have arranged that. It is the quality of the consoling music that follows such drastic, grisly paintings of the nothingness of man as the 'All flesh doth perish as the grass' \* and the

<sup>\*</sup> The proper effect of this is generally lost in performance. Brahms must have omitted the sopranos and written the altos and basses so low in order to get a particularly sombre, sepulchral colour; but the tenors, who are in them middle register, usually sing so loudly that the tone-colour is of the normal brightness. The tenor tone should surely be covered up by that of the darker voices.

PREFACE.

'Lord, make me to know what the measure of my days may be.' In both these pictures Brahms reaches back in soul, as he so often does, to the very foundations of the northern Teutonic spirit. The Latins do not conceive death like this; it is the mood of a race like our own, to which physical nature has been unkind, that has mourned and shivered through many a sunless and niggard day, and had its very bones cankered by the damp of the earth. In just such tones as Brahms did the old poet of the Edda sing of the physical horror of the descent into the grave, not only the recoil of the spirit from death, but the shrinking of the warm body from the clasp of the soddened earth:

For thee was a house built ere thou wert born; for thee was a mould shapen ere thou of thy mother camest. Its height is not determined, nor its depth measured; nor is it closed up (however long it may be) until I thee bring where thou shalt remain: until I shall measure thee and the sod of the earth. Thy house is not highly built; it is unhigh and low. When thou art in it, the heel-ways are low, the side-ways unhigh. The roof is built thy breast full nigh; so thou shalt in earth dwell full cold, dim, and dark. Doorless is that house, and dark it is within. There thou art fast detained, and Death holds the key. Loathly is that earth-house, and grim to dwell in. There thou shalt dwell, and worms shall share thee. Thus thou art laid, and leavest thy friends. Thou hast no friend that will come to thee, who will ever inquire how that house liketh thee, who shall ever open for thee the door and seek thee, for soon thou becomest loathly and hateful to look upon.

In the 'Lord make me to know what the measure of my days may be,' there is added to this grim old Saxon sense of the horror of the grave the moral austerity of a Hebrew prophet. Yet grievous, terrible as these moods are, they are not the last, but only the first word with Brahms; for every hurt he has an anodyne. Could there be music more full of the purest spirit of consolation than that of the lovely choral snatches interspersed among the darker choruses, or that of the chorus 'How lovely are Thy dwellings,' or that of the soprano aria 'Ye who now sorrow'? The high tessitura of the aria makes it a trial to the singer; but is there not in its very height a suggestion of a consoling angel hovering above our heads, and in the final unresolved cadence of the voice is there not the idea of the heavenly visitant disappearing from our eyes while still poised in the air? And when, having done both with grief and with consolation, Brahms turns to triumph over death, how deep-throated is his exultation! Where in music is there so cosmic a cry over death vanquished as at the end of the chorus 'Now death is swallowed up in victory,' with its ineffable joy of combat in the surging phrases at 'Death, where is thy sting,' and the challenging roar upon the reiterated 'Where'? Again, in the gigantic choral fugue 'But the souls redeemed are in the hand of God,' what steadfastness there is in the persistent pedal, and what unconquerable exultation in the ocean-like roll of the voices at the finish! But at the very end of the work the thinker comes uppermost again. Brahms closes in a chastened, though hopeful mood—not alone because the title of 'Requiem' demands such an ending, but because the philosopher knows that our ultimate hope can only be not for triumph over life but for tranquillity in death—'Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'

Brahms, again like Bach, was reticent in private life; scarcely a saying or a letter survives of either of them in which the man bares his real soul. This type of mind lives wholly inwardly; its mental and moral struggles are carried on too far down beneath the surface of the spirit for the world to know anything of the causes or the incidents of the combat. But when they utter themselves in their art, the expression is all the greater for the habitual concentration of the man. So it is that we get works like the 'German Requiem,' which, the more we study them, seem the more incomparably to give voice to all our own profoundest thoughts upon life and death. And the appeal of such works cannot diminish until humanity itself alters; philosophy of this kind endures like the noble metals and the hills.

ERNEST NEWMAN.



## REQUIEM.

#### CHORUS.

Blest are they that mourn, for the Spirit shall give them comfort.

They that sow in tears reap a joyful harvest.

Who goeth forth with weeping and beareth seed so precious, shall come home with gladness, his good sheaves with him bringing.

#### CHORUS.

All flesh doth perish as the grass, and all man's glory as the flow'r of grass that fadeth.

The grass doth lie withered and the flower thereof falleth.

Be patient my brethren, be ye patient unto the advent of Christ.

Even as the husbandman waiteth for the earth's precious fruit to ripen, for long he waiteth with patience till he receive the early and latter rain, so be ye patient.

Surely the Lord's word bideth for evermore.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion rejoicing, gladness eternal shall crown their heads in Heaven above; gladness exceeding theirs shall be for ever, grief and sorrow shall fly from them.

#### BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

Lord, make me to know what the measure of my days may be, let me know all my frailty, ere death o'ertake me.

Lord God, all my days here are but a span long to Thee, and my being naught within Thy sight.

Lo! how surely every man living doth at his best live vainly. He goeth his way in a vain show, he is disquieted all in vain within his breast, his riches he knoweth not who shall gather them.

Oh Lord, who will console me? My hope is in Thee.

But the souls redeemed are in the hand of God, where earthly care troubleth not.

#### CHORUS.

How lovely are Thy dwellings fair, O Lord of Hosts, my soul ever longeth and fainteth sore for the blest courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh do cry to the living God. O blest are they that in Thy house are dwelling, they ever praise Thee, O Lord.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

Ye who now sorrow, ye who mourn, hear ye, for I again will see you and fill your hearts with rejoicing, and no man taketh your joy from you.

So I will comfort you, e'en as a mother's love doth comfort.

Now behold me, for but a little while sorrow and travail were mine, and I have gotten unto me much rest.

BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

On this earth we have no continuing home, therefore we seek one to come.

Therefore I shew unto you a mystery:

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, on the morn the last trumpet soundeth.

Then shall sound the trumpet, and the dead shall all be raised from corruption, and we shall all be changed.

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written,

Now death is swallowed up in victory.

Grave, where is thy victory?

Death, O where is thy sting?

Lord, Thou art worthy of praise and glory, honour and power,

For Thou hast all things created, by Thy holy will they are and were created.

We render praise, and glory, and power to Thee.

#### CHORUS.

Blessed are the dead which in the Lord are sleeping, from henceforth.

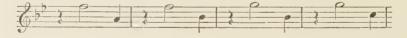
Yea, saith the spirit, they may rest from their labours; their works do follow after them.

## CONTENTS.

No. 1.		Blest are they that mourn	6 * 6	* * *	•••	• • •	Page 1
2.	CHORUS.	All flesh doth perish	•••	***	*. *	•••	10
3.	BARITONE	Solo and Chorus. Lord, make me	e to kn	ΟW	* *	• • •	30
4.	CHORUS.	How lovely are Thy dwellings	• • •	• • •	• • •		47
5.	Soprano S	Solo and Chorus. Ye who now sorr	OW.	• • •		•••	5 <b>6</b>
6.	Baritone	Solo and Chorus. On this earth	•••	0 * 0	• • •	• • •	65
7.	CHORUS.	Blessed are the dead		• • •	4+1	•••	88

### NOTE

A wrong reading which has appeared in previous editions is corrected in this (1931) reprint. On p. 21 the Soprano passage at letter I formerly ran as follows:—



It is now correctly printed:-



The metronome marks appeared in the original edition of the vocal score, but they were omitted from later editions, and from the full score.

Nº 1 Chorus - BLEST ARE THEY THAT MOURN

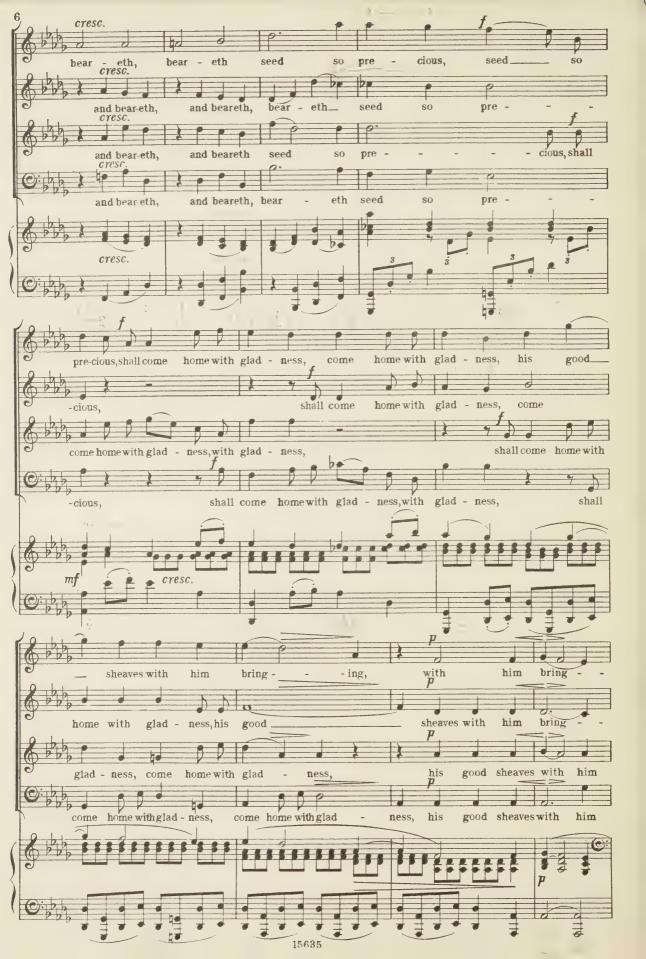






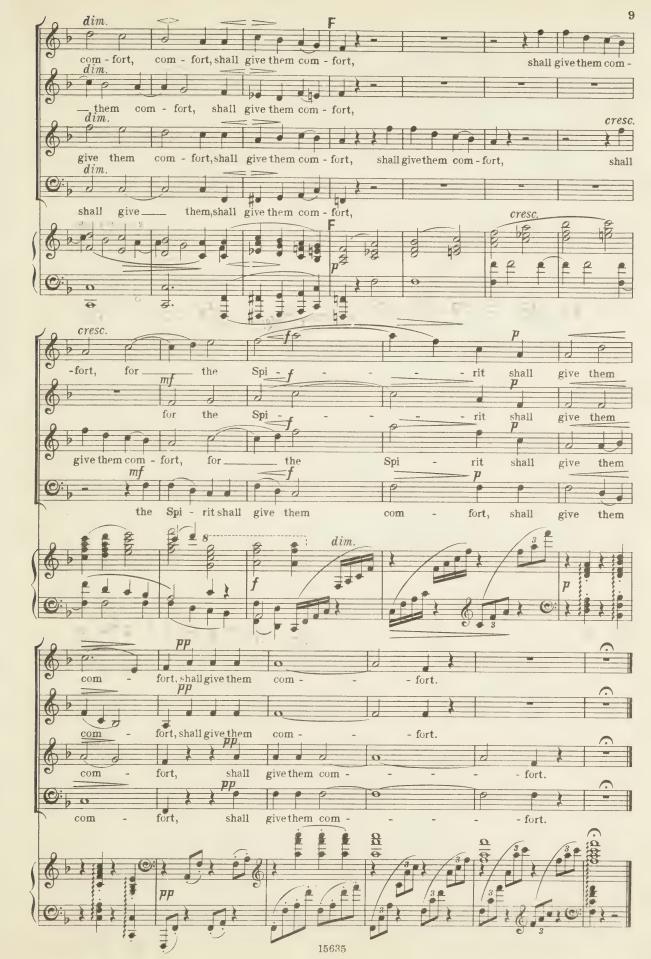




















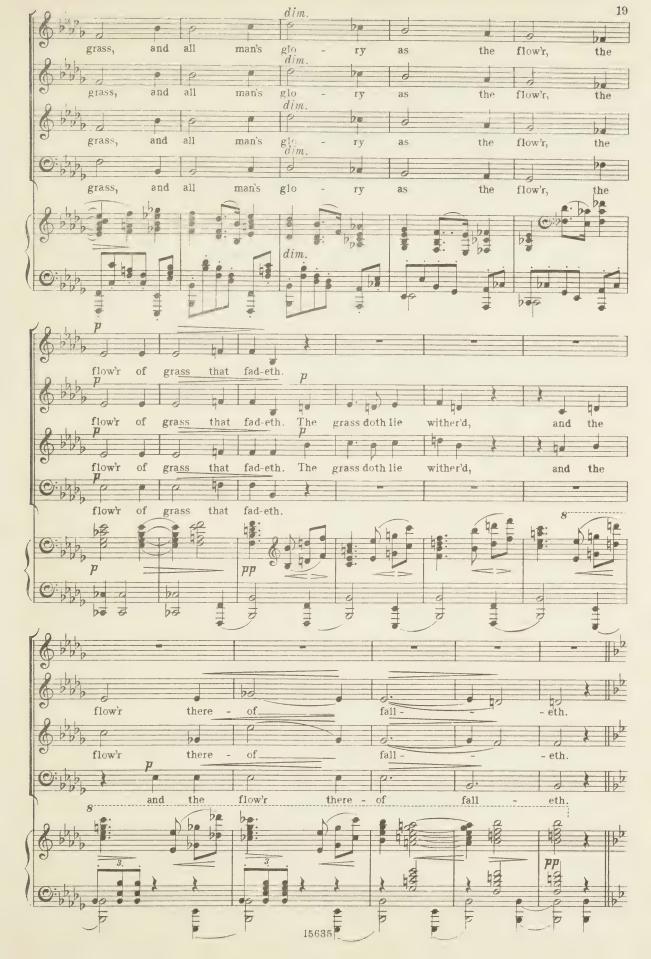


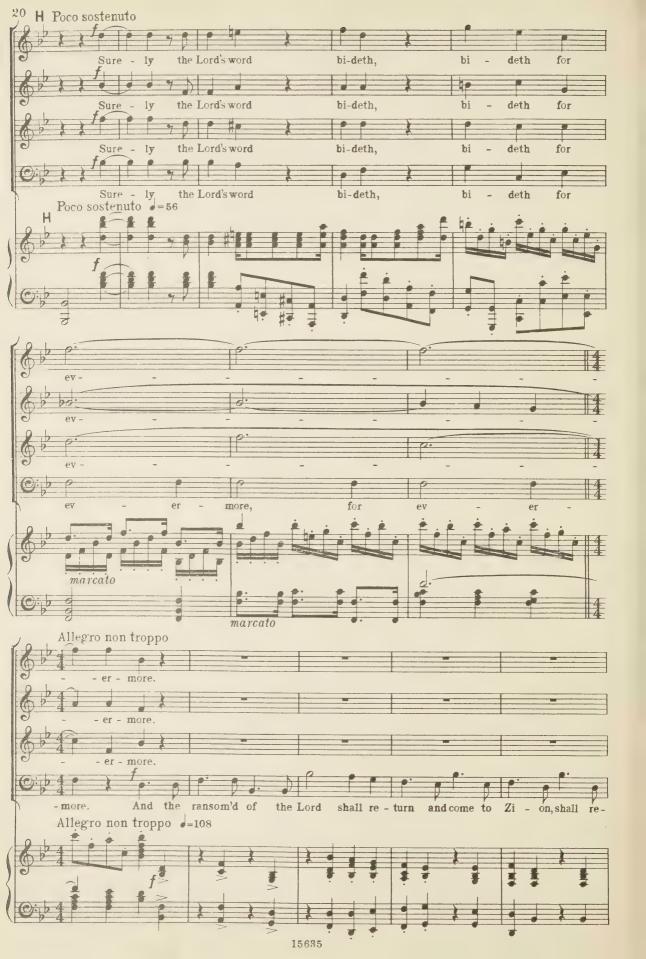


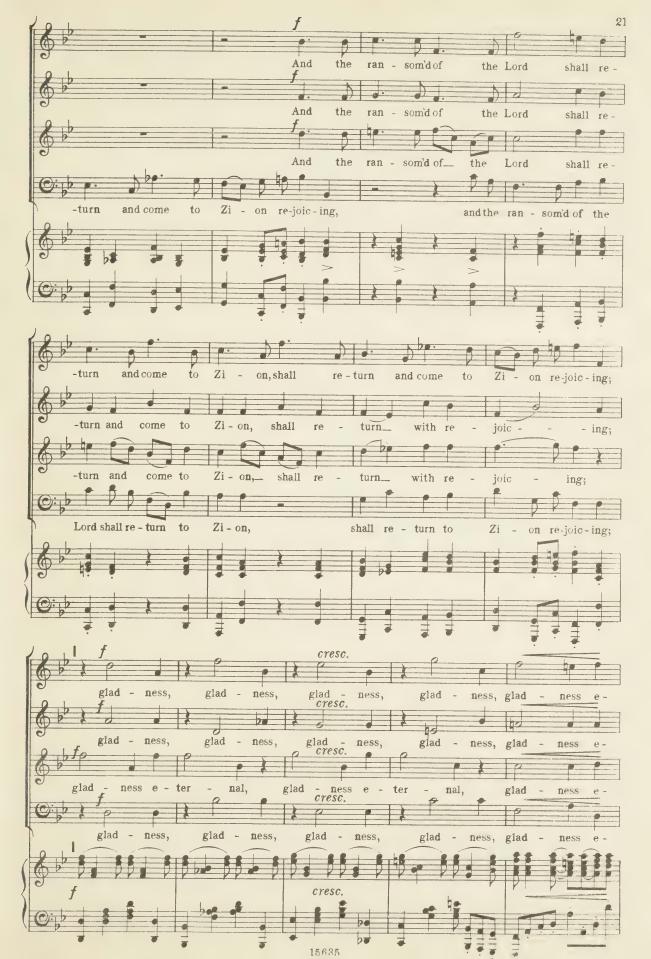








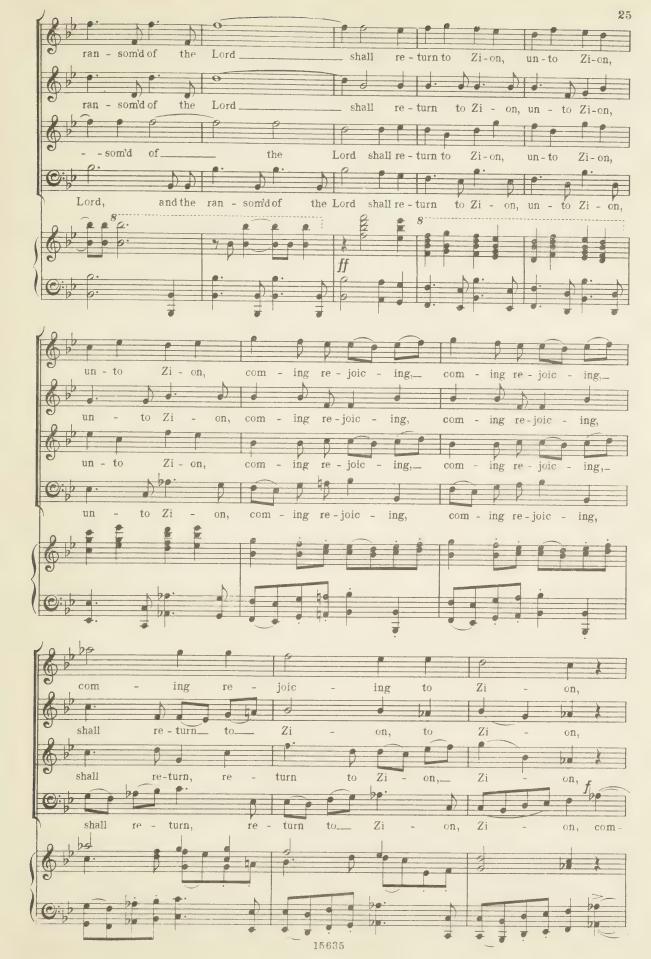












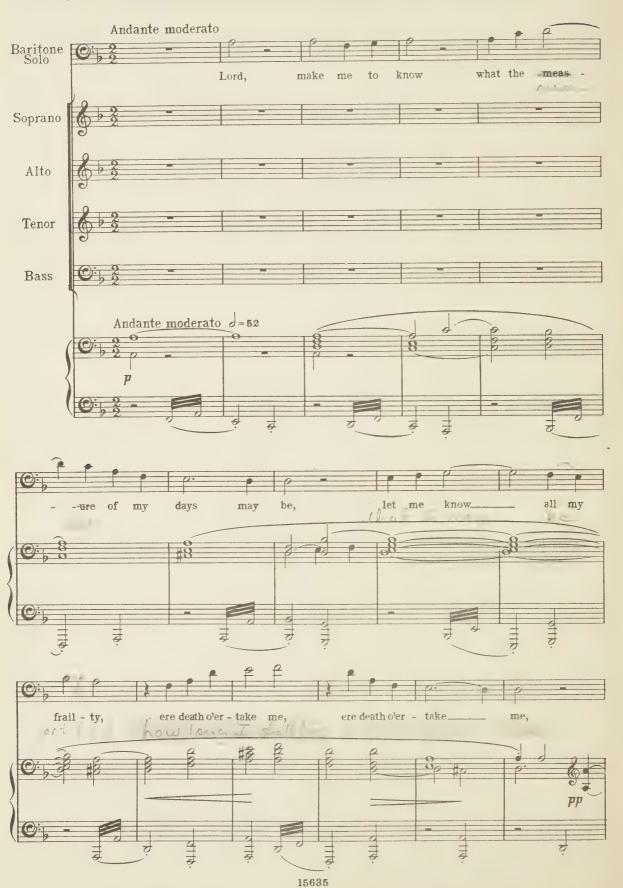








Nº 3 Baritone Solo and Chorus-LORD, MAKE ME TO KNOW













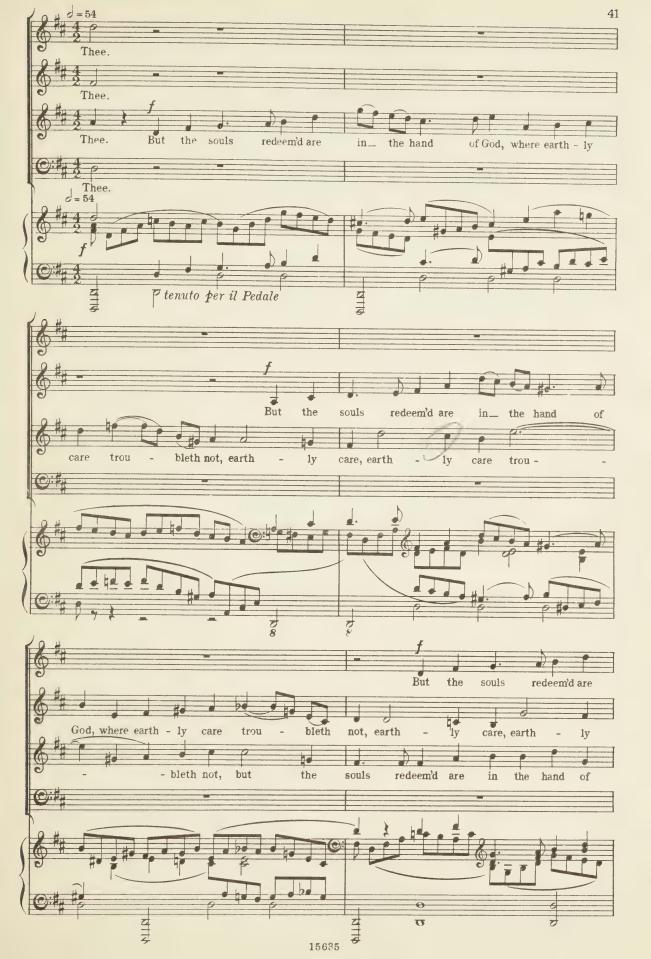






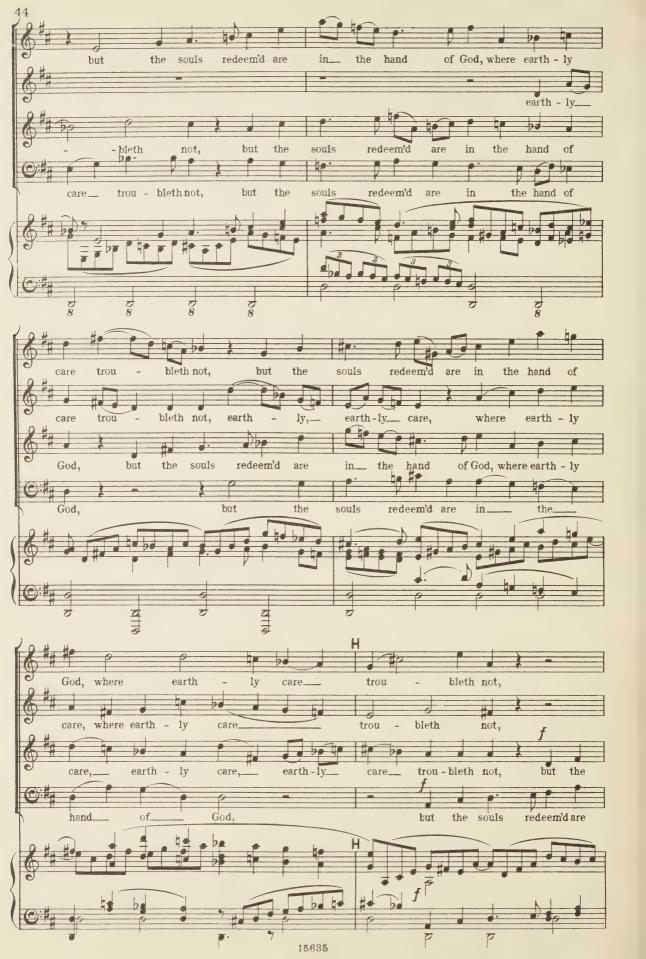








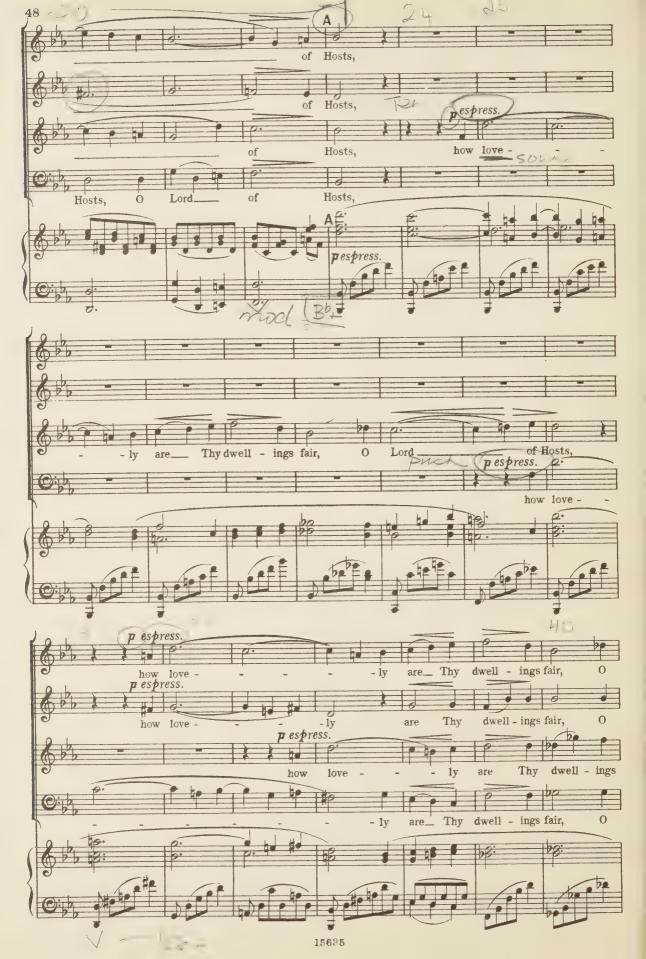






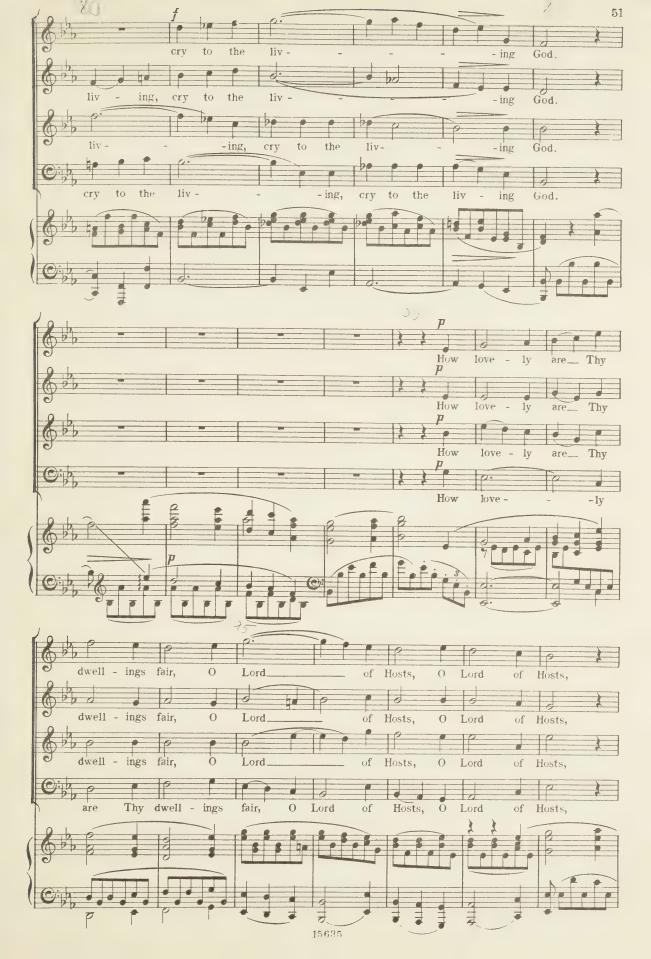






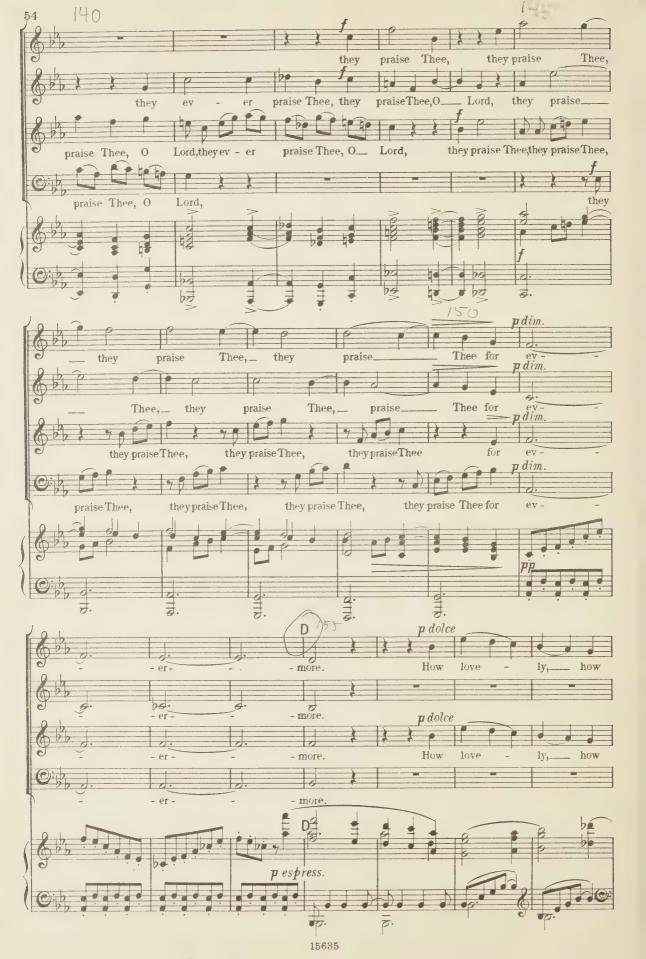






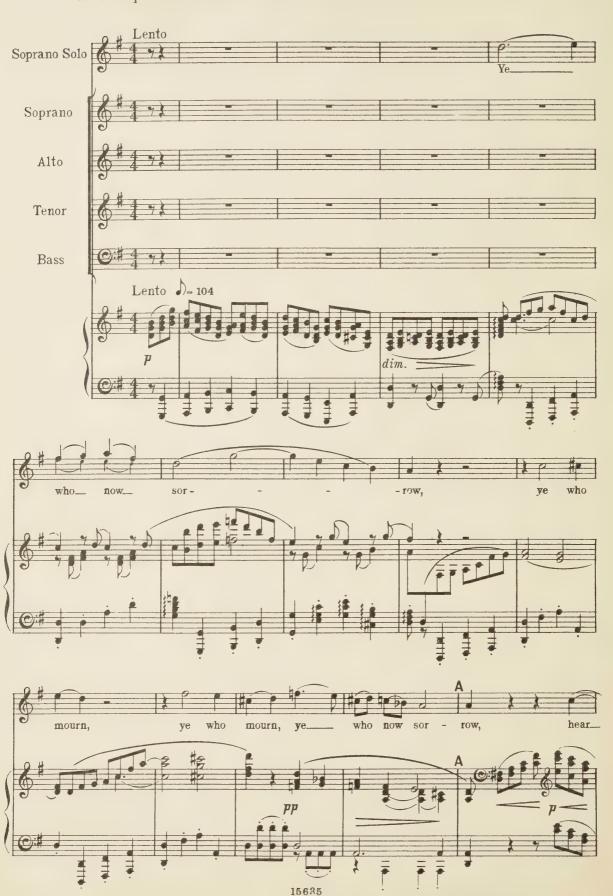








No.5 Soprano Solo and Chorus - YE WHO NOW SORROW





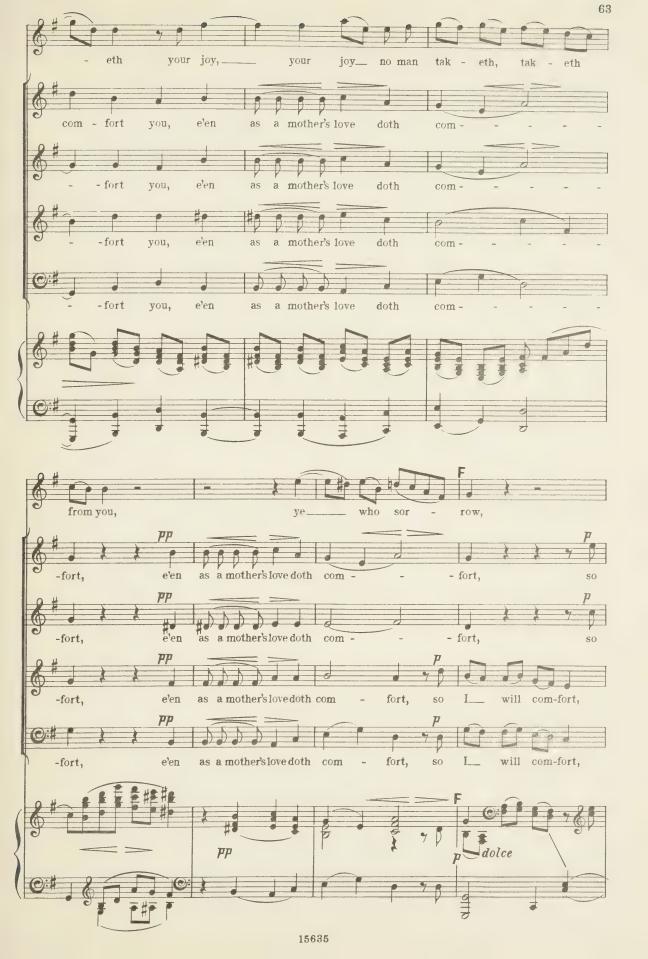


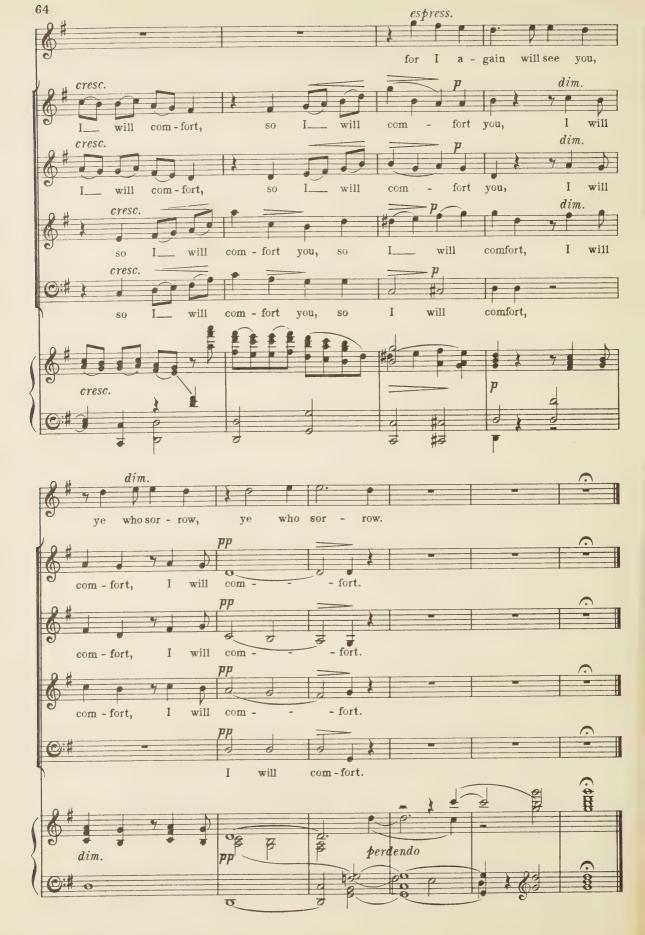












































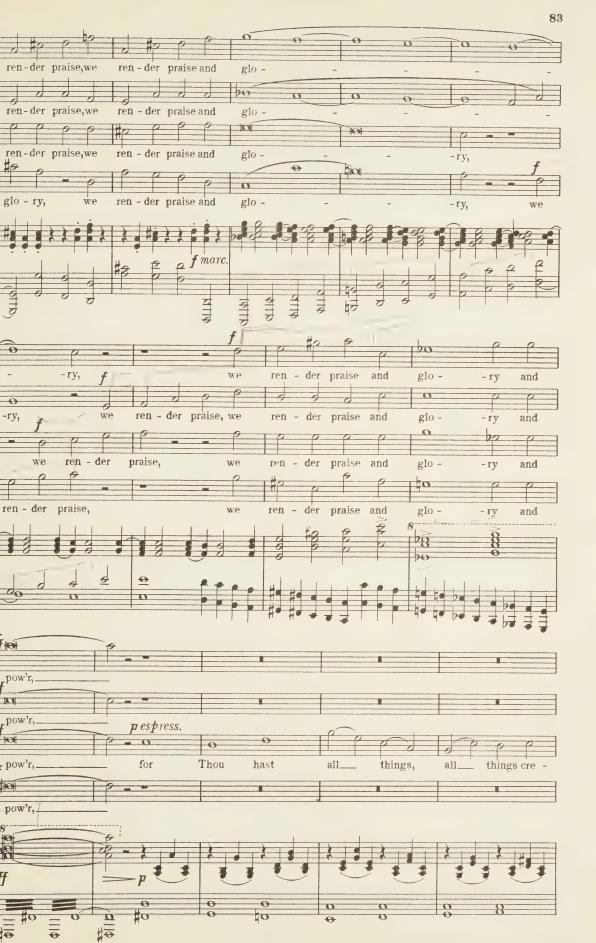












0

-ry,

off HON

ff pow'r,.

ff pow'r,

每

pow'r,

15635



























